

DIRIGIBLE PILOTS HAVE BIG JOB WITH AIRSHIP HOP

A long silver shaped cigar like object of huge size with an undercar of bright blue suspended from it and a whirling propeller which carries it along at a fast rate of speed, controlled with fins for vertical and longitudinal stability and you have a "Blimp". The men in the car are "Blimpers" for the reason that they are associated with the operation of the huge airship which has gained the name "Blimp" for itself.

Blimpers are a clean cut set of men who have nerves like the edge of a keen razor. They have to be induced with this nerve in the operation of the Blimps for the reason that the kings are combining the sports of the kings, free ballooning with the more or less modern art of aerial navigation by motor propulsion.

In the great war which is still in an unsettled state of being, Blimps proved their usefulness in many, many ways.

They have untold use in the hunting out and destroying of the undersea boat which the Germans used to a good advantage during the first part of the war. Their use for patrol duty and keeping large areas of sea or land under constant surveillance is manifold.

Dropping explosives, carrying supplies, photography, range finding and many uses too numerous to mention are exponents of the work of the Blimpers.

It has been said, that to pilot a Blimp, one does not need any exceptional training. Ask any Blimp pilot what he thinks of this and he will absolutely laugh at you. In a Blimp he will tell you there are far more controls to watch and take care of than in the largest heaviest air machine.

And in truth, a blimp or a non-rigid dirigible airship is a complicated vehicle of the air.

Although it would seem to the casual observer that all a pilot would have to do is to watch his directional control there are quite a number of instruments he has to take care of other than this.

In the first place a blimp is composed of three units. A gas bag which is separated into three compartments, a fuselage, and the power plant. These three units go to make one unit which as time passes will be developed into a machine which will have the supremacy of the air.

The gas bag is cigar shaped in contour and painted a bright color. It is inflated with hydrogen gas from a generating plant which is centrally located. This gas is taken on at times during the day when the pres-

sure has been reduced to below normal by contraction. The effects of the sun's rays and the heat intensified therefrom beating against the doped fabric causes it to expand. It is for this reason that the bags are always of a bright color—in order that the heat may be reduced to a minimum outside and keep up to its normal condition on the inside of the huge envelope.

But to gas a bag every time the gas pressure began to sink below normal would reduce the efficiency of the Blimp to a low degree so the designers arranged to have a couple of balloons inserted in the bag to be inflated with air. When the pressure of the gas gets low, the propeller drift is scooped up by an extension scoop and forced into the balloonet as the pilot may desire and in this way the capacity of the gas containing part of the bag is reduced and the pressure of the gas is increased to its normal position.

These air balloonets may also be used as an addition to vertical stability. Air is heavier than gas and a balloonet full of air in either end of a gas bag would naturally make it heavier than the other end and in this way altitude could be gained or lost.

The fuselage of Blimp is an undercar which carries the pilots, mechanics and passengers. It houses the power plant and controls and also maintains the lateral stability of the entire ship.

By being heavy it forces the bag to travel forward at an angle which is varied only when the entire ship is the subject of high wind pressure from either port or starboard sides. Thus the center of gravity of the Blimp is controlled by the fuselage.

The motor is generally placed forward and works as a tractor with the mechanic's seat directly aft of it. This facilitates quick adjustments on the motor under flying condition should it be necessary.

Behind this seat the pilot is usually housed. Here according to an old instructor at the airship school is the seat of all trouble with the students. They have so many controls to learn and watch and take care of that it is impossible for him to become accustomed to them in the time a student of the seaplanes can master the controls of the heavier than air machines.

"Ladder up" elevators come first. Next comes pressure gages, which show the condition of the hydrogen gas in the bag and the amount of pressure of both that and the air balloonets. In conjunction with these there are the many valve lines attached to the fuselage and running to the bag



which he has to operate in order to keep the machine in the proper line of flight.

Here he also finds the emergency valves and the navigating valves which he uses to make a free balloon of the airship in case anything of major importance happens to the power plant or controls.

He also has control of the motor from this seat and can regulate its speed. Ballast of both sand and water is carried and he has to be discriminating in regard to the amount he shall carry in order that he may have enough left to assure him of navigation of the upper elements at a desirable altitude.

One can readily see that a Blimp is not a mere gas bag with a motor and rudders and elevators attached. Science must be served in the navigation of a non-rigid dirigible and to a great degree the methods of applied science in the operation of an airship bids fair to outdo that of the seaplane.

Divers have been known to descend to a depth of two hundred feet, but the greatest depth at which useful work has been done is 182 feet.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE PENSACOLA JOURNAL.

It gives me pleasure to offer this tribute to The Journal on its Twentieth Anniversary. Its period of life has covered an important era of the history of Pensacola. During the score of years just past, our city has experienced many changes, each marking an advance in civic strength and prominence, only to be appreciated by reviewing successive developments.

I will not undertake to recount those developments, but will suggest that each of us "old citizens" try to recall and compare them. The result, I am sure, will justify a greater degree of satisfaction with our present status than many of us "croakers" are inclined to confess.

We are now really a substantial city, with good prospects for future greatness as a Florida municipality. I will add, and say it with sincerity, that The Pensacola Journal, and my old friend—its lamented founder—

have contributed in great measure to our present importance as the metropolis of West Florida.

I wish the Journal a long, successful and useful life.—John C. Avery.

The burglar who has his eye on any of the treasures in the British museum would stand little chance of succeeding, for, after the building is closed to the public, every gallery and room is carefully examined and then locked up. An hour later every room is again searched, thus providing a double precaution against fire and burglary. It takes more than an hour to merely examine and lock up the rooms every night. Every one of the policemen who helps to guard the building is also a trained fireman, and the hose is so arranged that there is not a spot in the building which these policemen could not swamp with water in two minutes.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY FOR PENSACOLA

I had a dream the other day. No, it wasn't the other night. It was the other day—a day-dream. Musing over human nature, its faults being due to undergrowth, which cannot be cured by a club but only by growth, I asked myself the question: "What stimulates growth?" And the answer came "Mindfood."

There is bodyfood and there is mindfood. Nature has provided appetite for both. Just as there isn't a hungry body in the whole world which doesn't crave food, so also there isn't a criminal mind which doesn't despise itself and wish to be good.

Now, bodyfood being a matter of daily urgency, admitting no delay, prompt measures are taken for provision, but mindfood! ah, that is another matter. The mind can wait and wait and wait, and as it waits for its food it gets feeble and still more feeble, and it appeals to strong minds which have had advantages it is repulsed and told to never mind. Minds are souls in the making. Society consists of souls in various stages of making.

We pass through the world and out of it. Those who have gone and those in front have removed many brambles, but we lose our way, our undergrowth leads us astray, and we get scratched and torn in consequence.

If our minds were fully grown, earth would be heaven. Happiness is of the mind. Feed the mind and capacity for happiness grows. But the mindfood must be good. If we eat poison we die. If we read poison our minds die. The same care is needed in selecting mindfood as bodyfood. And here we arrive at the public library, with mindfood for every kind of mind.

Positively nothing feeds the mind so surely as reading good, clever books. Books are minds unfolded. Imitation compels us to act what we read.

Reading for an hour a book by a great author is spending an hour in the company of that great author. Read the Bible for an hour and then go straight to a poolroom. You may have been the life of the party previously, but somehow you will experience a feeling of disgust, and your pals will ask what in hell is the matter with you! That is what one hour's reading can do.

There are thousands of books cleverly designed to administer mindfood in palatable form. Provide those books. Young minds and older minds will go to them as ducks go to water. But I didn't get through telling you about that dream.

Evidently my mind is wandering—You see New Orleans has a splendid

Carnegie Library and Pensacola hasn't, and I miss my mindmeal. Why not a Carnegie Library for Pensacola? Don't I remember something about "go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor?" What was to be done with the proceeds? Given to the poor? There are heaps of poor people that would benefit wonderfully and become infinitely better citizens if a Carnegie Library were provided. The world is studded with Carnegie Libraries. The great city of London has a Carnegie Library in every suburb. Is there possibly a "holier than thou" element in Pensacola? If so, a course of reading in a Carnegie Library is the sure way to open its eyes, for "out of evil shall come good." Come here, dream, you're wanted right here. I dreamt I had four hundred million dollars which Mr. Carnegie had handed to me with a request that I select four hundred of Pensacola's leading citizens, stand them in a row, and present each with a million dollars. I hated like anything to do this, firstly because I felt that four hundred million dollars would look so nice on the right side of my account, which would raise my balance to four hundred millions and forty-six dollars, and secondly because Carnegie had stipulated that I must whisper in the ear of each recipient the name of the donor. However, I gave my cravings a slap on the wrist and stood 'em up in a row (not the cravings). And as I passed along the line and handed each a check for a million dollars I whispered in each ear, with fear and trembling, "This is from Carnegie. Then, with more fear and more trembling, I waited the storm of angry refusal and denunciation. I closed my eyes and held my breath in terror, and when I re-opened them (my eyes, I mean) why, of course, my eyes were opened. To my astonishment I found myself alone, excepting one poor old nigger who had been looking on. I asked him, "where are all those people gone?" "They done beat it to the bank," said he. I wrote him a check for forty-six dollars and went to read up on the Hari Mari. SPECIAL

One of the greatest stores in New York city, doing a business of \$10,000,000 annually, estimates that two per cent of its sales, or \$200,000, is stolen from the store every year.

Cleopatra's Needle, the famous obelisk on the Thames Embankment, London, is one solid piece of stone, seventy feet high and more than one hundred and eighty-six tons in weight.

We now have in operation a Hunter Garnett, or Filling Machine. This machine is the latest model and the very best of its kind. Consequently we are manufacturing Felt of the very highest quality.

Pensacola Mattress Company

Southern Beauty

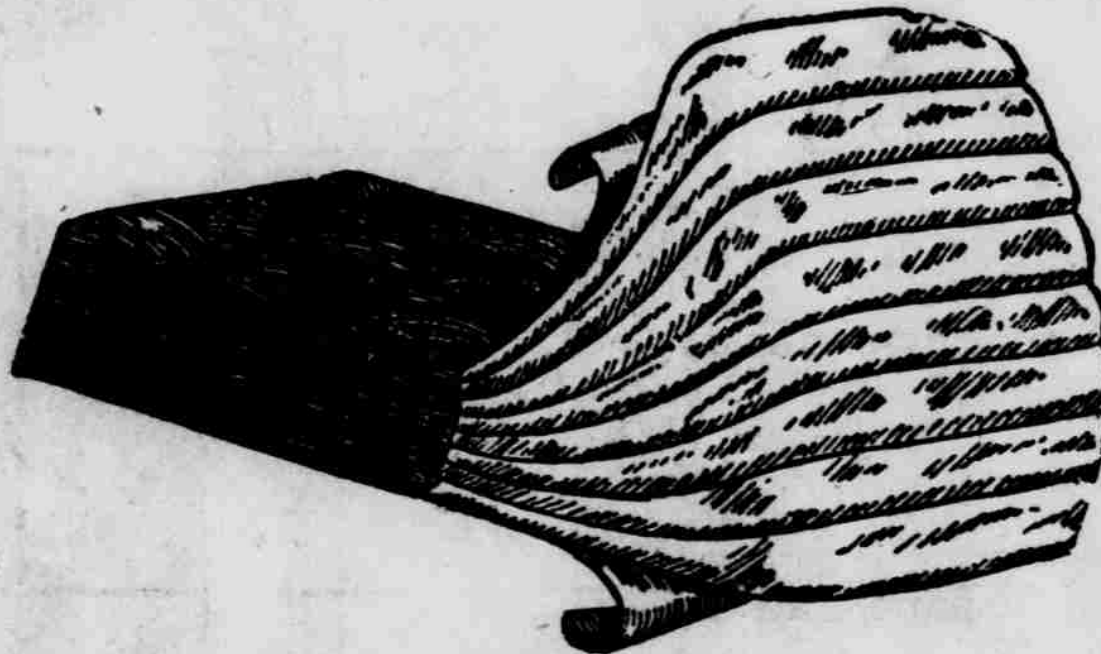
YOUR OPPORTUNITY

now to have your old mattress made of loose cotton, turned into a high grade bed at a very nominal cost. Felt beds always retain their shape, elasticity, and never get lumpy.

We furnish new ticks, renovate your bed and make it into a genuine felt at the following prices:

- A good woven tick\$5.50
- No. 220 high grade tick 6.50
- No. 306, beautiful art tick 7.00
- No. 309, high grade art tick.. 7.50
- No. 310, Southern Beauty tick. 8.25

We also renovate pillows of all kinds. All work called for and delivered same day. Phone us and our representative will show you the above samples. By doing so, however, you are under no obligation to buy.



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The following dealers can supply you. Ask their opinion of this bed:

- Harrison Bros.
- Home Furnishing Co.
- Marston & Quina
- Novelty Furniture Co.
- Rhodes Collins Co.
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We are the sole manufacturers of this celebrated mattress, which is the acme of perfection in beds. It is made of solid felt of exact same thickness, imperial stitched, with an extra high grade ticking.

MERCHANTS—Send us your orders. Write us for quotations. Your business will be given prompt and careful attention. When in the city visit this modern plant.

These mattresses are only made in 45lb. 50 lb. and 60 lb. weights.

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